

1854

Kitty Clyde

L. V. H. Crosby

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62 25-9
E. Lewis

To his friend.
T. HOUGH.



With a basket to put in her fish
Every morning with line & a hook
This sweet little lass
Thro' the tall heavy grass
Steals along by the clear running brook

Poetry & Music by

L. V. H. Crosby.

Crosby & Waller

★
PIANO. 3½.

★
GUITAR. 1½.

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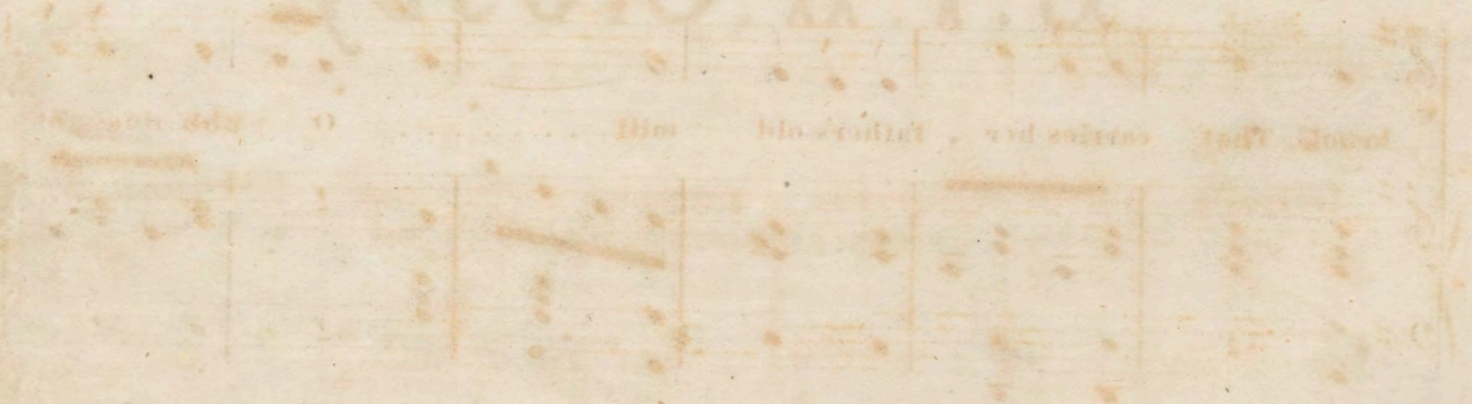
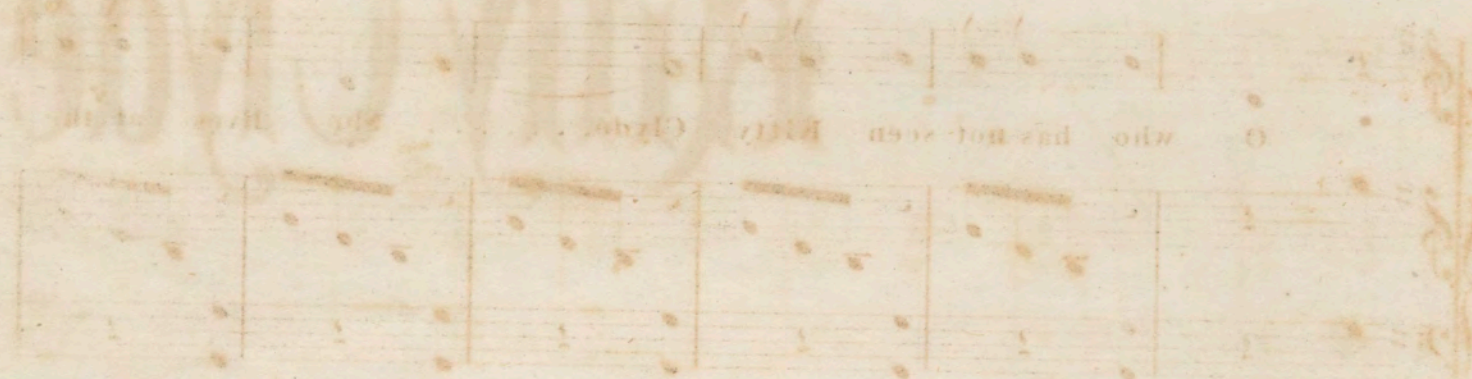
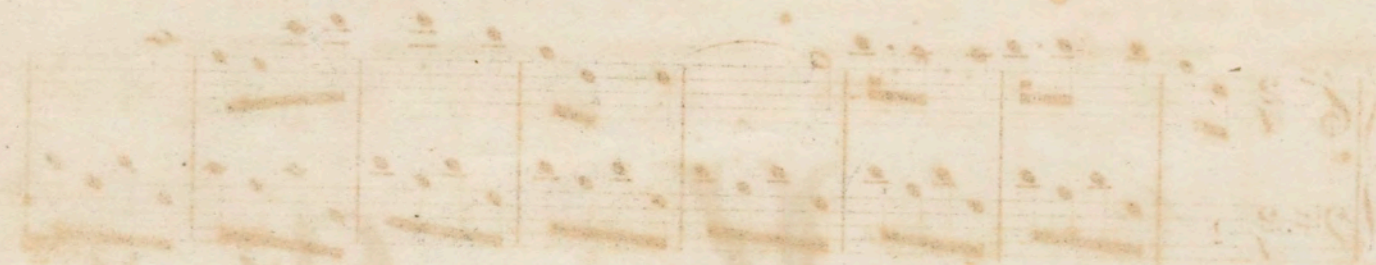
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KITTY CLYDE.

J. V. H. CROSBY

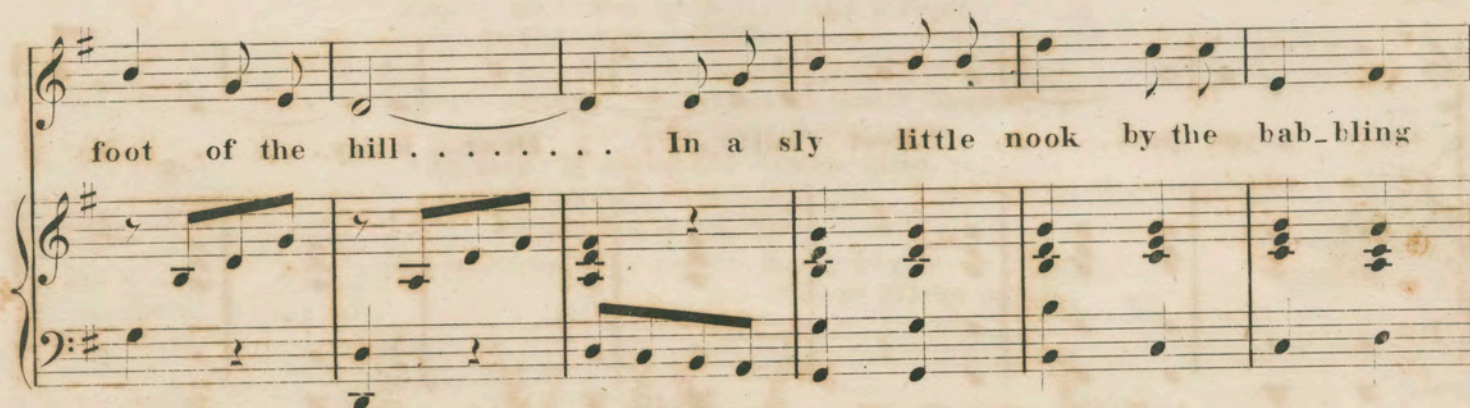


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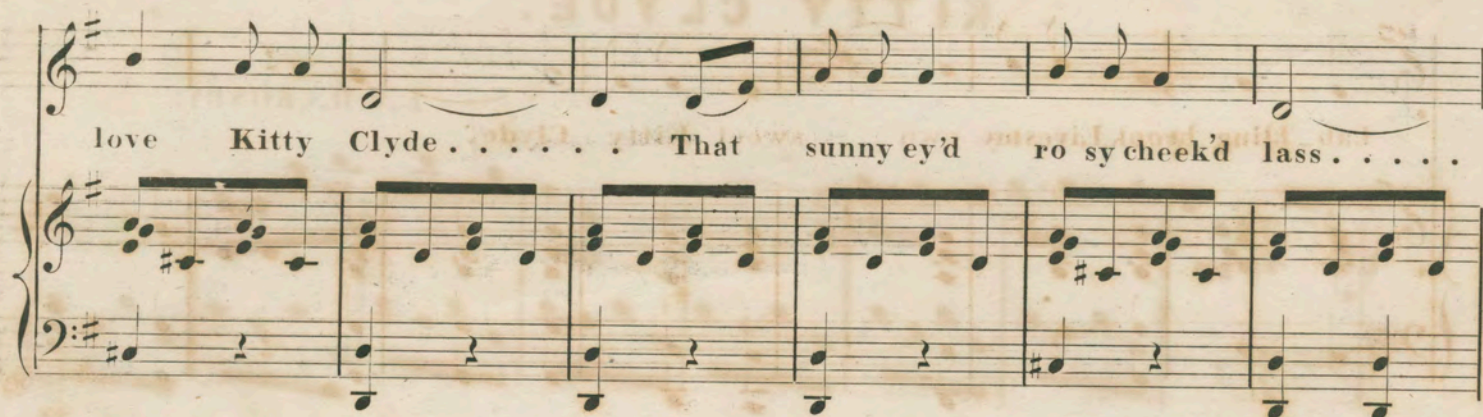
KITTY CLYDE.

3

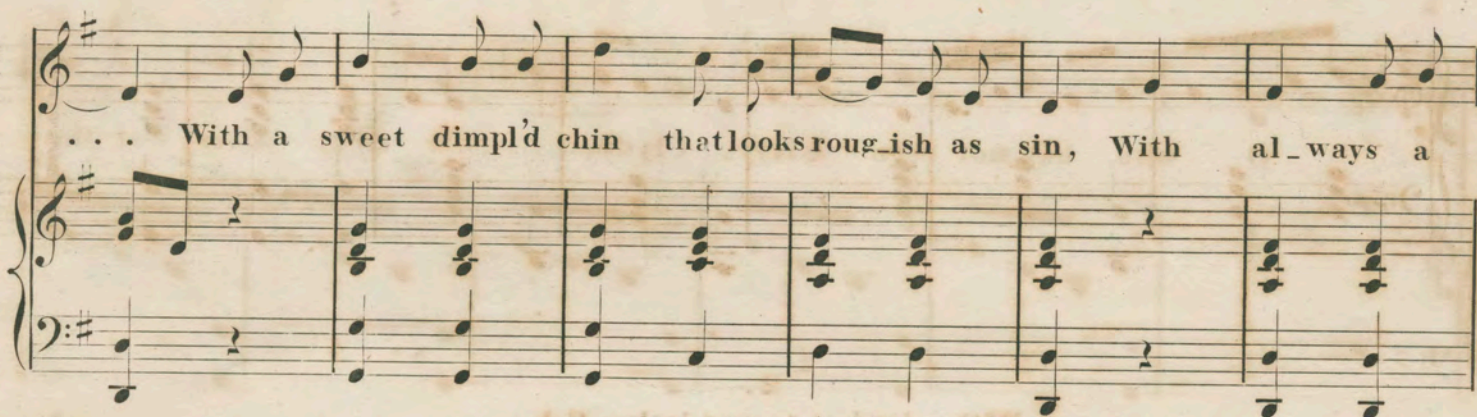
L.V.H.CROSBY.



love Kitty Clyde That sunny ey'd rosy cheek'd lass



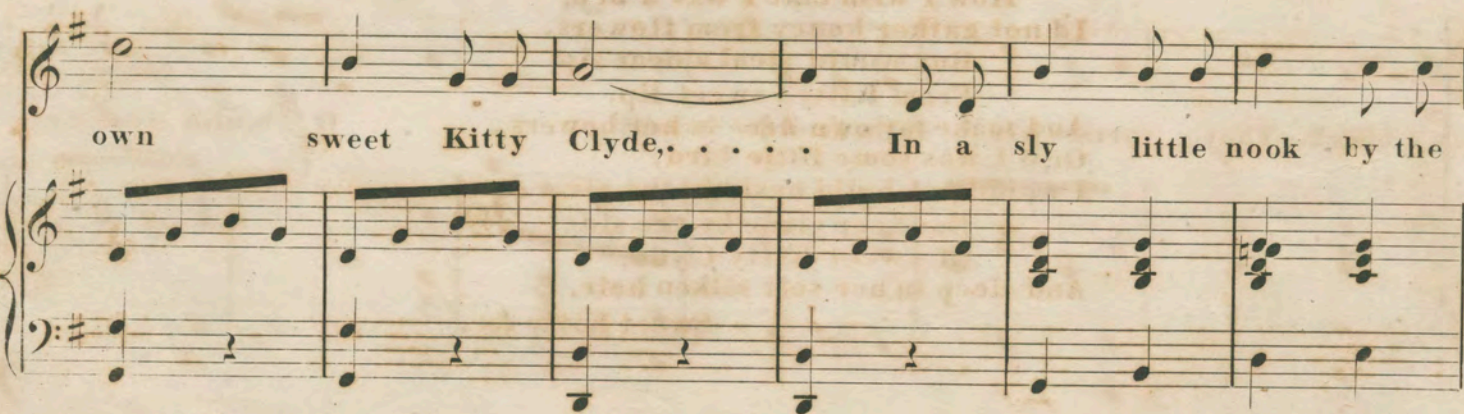
. . . With a sweet dimpl'd chin that looks roughish as sin, With al-ways a



smile as you pass Sweet Kitty, Dear Kitty, My



own sweet Kitty Clyde, In a sly little nook by the





2.

With a basket to put in her fish,
 Every morning with line and a hook.
 This sweet little lass,
 Through the tall heavy grass,
 Steals along by the clear running brook.
 She throws her line into the stream,
 And trips it along the brook side,
 O how I do wish
 That I was a fish,
 To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.
 Sweet Kitty &c.

3.

How I wish that I was a bee,
 I'd not gather honey from flowers,
 But would steal a dear sip
 From Kitty's sweet lip,
 And make my own *hive* in her bowers.
 Or, if I was some little bird,
 I would not build nests in the air,
 But keep close by the side
 Of sweet Kitty Clyde,
 And sleep in her soft silken hair.
 Sweet Kitty &c.

